STORIES FROM THE STREET

Governor Porter's Experience with an Old Woman Who Wanted a Pardon.

How a Cincinnati Judge Satisfied Both the Law and Himself—Dry-Goods Man and the Tariff—Disadvantages of a Cure.

Ex-Governor Porter tells an amusing story of a circumstance that happened during his administration which well illustrates the zeal which some people exhibit in securing a pardon for an incarcerated friend, when the case is utterly lacking in merit.

An old Irish woman, upwards of sixty years of age, her form bent and her step uncertain, entered his private office one afternoon, and with a polite courtesy said:

"Please, yer Honner, I'd like to shpake a few words of you."

"Certainly; be seated," answered the Governor.

"Well, Gov'nor, ye see me bye Terry is up in the State's pinitintiary beyant Michigan City, an' he's been there now foor years it's goin' onto, and I called around to ax ye if ye wouldn't be so good as to let him out."

"What was he sent there for?" asked the Governor.

"Well it was just like this. Mike Grogan and Cornelius McGarrity broke into a grocery sture and shtole a lot of goods and all me bye Terry did was to carry 'em away when the others dropped the shtuff out t'ro' the windy. Terry didn't have nuthin' to do wid breakin' in the dure or takin' the goods out of the shelves, ner nuthin'. Aw, no; Terry wouldn't do any thing the likes of that. All he did was just only carry 'em a couple of blocks to where Grogan lived, and yet he got six years for it."

Here the old lady broke out in convulsive sobs, and her grief was so great that the Governor had a hard time in controlling her.

"Has the judge who tried the case recommended the pardon?" he asked.

"No, sir, he said he wouldn't," answered the old woman, between her sobs.

"Has the prosecuting attorney or any of the jury?" continued the Governor.

"The persecutor said he'd be damned if he wud, and I don't know none of the jury to see," said the heart-broken old mother, and again broke forth afresh in weeping. The Governor was convinced that there

was no possible excuse or reason for granting a pardon, but he was so much touched by this old woman's mother-love and anxiety to see her boy again that he promised to give the matter his personal attention, and told her to call at 10 in the morning. A ray of joy, that bespoke a world of gratitude beamed on the woman's face and she left the room with many calls on the Virgin Mary to "bless the good Gov'nor." Governor Porter made an investigation of the case and telegraphed to the warden of the Northern prison that night for the young man's prison record and his record before he was received there. Both were bad and there was scarcely a redeeming feature in the fellow's career in and out of prison that would warrant the granting of a pardon.

The next morning, at 10 o'clock, the little old woman was shown into the Governor's private office, and before the Governor could say anything to her she thrust a little soiled, crumpled piece of paper in his hand, with the remark: "Read that, now, Misther Poorter. It's from Terry, and it came this marnin'."

The first page of the letter was devoted to sketching in brief the daily routine of his prison life, and the second to expressing his longing to be free again. The last postscript read, "Tell Liz [his sister] that there ain't no decent books here to read, and I want something bad. Tell her to send me 'The Life of the James and Younger Brothers'."

The Governor could not repress laughing as he handed the letter back to the woman and told her as kindly as he could that he really thought it was best for Terry's own good to remain in prison until his time was out, as he only had a little more than a year to serve. The mother couldn't see it in that way, naturally, and went away, not angry, but sorrowfully disappointed.

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In the year 1865, and for some time thereafter, the Police Court of Cincinnati was presided over by Judge Warren. It is probable that no minor court was ever conducted with more dignity and propriety than this during the period of Judge Warren's incumbency. In person the Judge was rather tall and spare, and his countenance wore habitually an expression of austerity that well became an administrator of the law, and a dispenser of justice according to the forms thereof. Yet, with all his seeming coldness and impassiveness, he was not an unfeeling man, and, upon some occasions, when there were mitigating circumstances silently pleading in behalf of a culprit, he would exercise a clemency that came dangerously near to defeating the ends of justice. The most notable thing in his disposition of the cases coming before him was the manner in which he would announce his decisions. Often, in sentencing a vagrant to the work-house for ten days, or imposing a fine in a trifling case of assault, he would preface the sentence with a summing up of the evidence, and a statement of the law governing the case, supplemented with a moral lecture to the offender that ought to have been highly edifying and improving, but certainly was often the hardest part of the sentence to bear.

Upon one occasion, late in the summer of 1865, a young man was arraigned before him on a charge of assault and battery. The prosecuting witness, when he stepped upon the witness-stand, presented a remarkable appearance. Judging by the condition of his face he might have been in every battle of the war, from Philippi to Appomattox, and been hit by a fragment of shell in each. He was a German saloon-keeper, whose English was as badly broken as his face, but he managed to relate a tale of woe and outrage that made a marked impression upon the court, for a portentous frown gathered upon the brow of the Judge, and his lips showed a firmer set. When the prosecuting witness had finished the defendant was called upon to present his case. He arose in the dock and said that he was not represented by counsel—he had not thought it necessary to incur that expense. He had no witnesses to introduce, and no defense to make, but he would like to make a statement if the court would grant him that favor. He was told to take the stand and make his statement. [At that time, under the laws of Ohio, a person under accusation could not testify under oath in his own behalf.] As the young man stepped upon the witness-stand his appearance and manner created a very favorable impression. He had a frank, open countenance, and in his bearing there was not a trace of the "tough" or bully. He was not as tall as the prosecuting witness by three inches, nor as heavy by at least forty pounds, but his suit of soldier's blue helped to set off a compact, well-knit figure, which gave evidence of great strength and activity.

The young man said (what was already apparent) that he had but recently been discharged from the army. Upon returning home he had found that his father (quite an old man) had fallen into evil ways, and was spending most of his time at the saloon of the prosecuting witness, from which he would return to his home late in the evening in a deplorable state of intoxication. He (the accused) had appealed to the saloon-keeper to refuse to sell liquor to his father, and he had promised to comply with the request, but failed to keep his promise. The appeal had been renewed on several occasions; the saloon-keeper had as often promised to stop selling the old man liquor, and had as often failed to keep his pledge. This state of affairs continued for several weeks without any sign of amendment. Finally the young man, grown desperate, had told the saloon-keeper that if he offended again he would thrash him. The next night his father came home even drunker than usual and on the following morning the son redeemed his promise to the saloon-keeper. With this simple statement of his case he left the matter with the court. Then the Judge spoke: "Young man," said he, "I am glad to notice that you have the grace and the manliness to thus fully make acknowledgment of your offense, which is certainly a very grave one. No matter how great the provocation, no man has the right to take into his own hands the redressing of his own grievances. In a civilized and enlightened community laws are enacted for the protection of the citizen and for the punishment of those who invade the rights of others. Upon these laws we must rely for the preservation of order and the redress of personal wrongs. This fact you have lost sight of, and in the attempt to enforce your own ideas of right you have committed a great outrage, not only against a fellow-citizen, but against the peace and dignity of the State. I am constrained to admit that in your individual case the law does not seem to offer an adequate remedy, and if I might follow the dictates of my own feelings I would probably acquit you. But the courts are appointed to administer the law; not to give expression to individual feeling. Much as I may desire to dismiss this charge, my sense of duty forbids such course. Duty must rise above sympathy. Any other course would bring our courts of justice into contempt, and there would follow in course of time a state of anarchy, in which the strong would become a law unto themselves, and the weak the helpless victims of the passions, greed or caprice of their more powerful neighbors. Therefore, while freely admitting that you had great provocation for committing this assault, I cannot be blind to the fact that the laws of the State have been grossly outraged, and must be vindicated. I will sentence you to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars and the costs of the prosecution. But —— in view of the mitigating circumstances, I will remit the fine —— and the costs."

And the Judge's face, as he leaned back in his chair, reflected the pleasure he experienced in satisfying at once both the law's demands and his own sense of justice, while the expression upon the countenance of the prosecuting attorney, as he saw his fee slipping away from him, would have made the fortune of a caricaturist, could he have caught and transferred it to canvas.

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"It's very singular, and I can't understand it at all," remarked Ernest Matthews, of the dry-goods house of L. S. Ayres & Co.

"Can't understand what?" asked the reporter.

"Why, the tariff, of course. The duty has been largely increased on velvets and plushes, and to-day American-made goods are fully 10 per cent. cheaper than foreign-made goods; and they are as good as foreign-made, too, otherwise they would not be considered cheaper. The singular thing to me is that in the dry-goods trade nearly everything that is at all affected by the tariff is cheaper than before the tariff was laid.

"How about linens and hosiery?"

"Both are cheaper. Hosiery never was as cheap. As a matter of course, imported goods have had to come down to compete with American hosiery. The great hullabaloo about the tariff has stimulated American manufacturers to greater effort than ever before, and they have really developed not only in increased output but in improved quality, in a way that has surprised themselves. Home-made goods in many lines are as good, sometimes better than foreign, and lower than the latter in price. Free-traders may argue from this that there is then no further occasion for a tariff. I don't argue about it at all. I merely wonder if it would have come to pass without a tariff. This country never thought of making velvets until the McKinley bill was passed and now we beat the foreign article out of sight with our velvets. The Botany worsted mills in New Jersey at a cost of over one million dollars, built by German capital and run by German manufacturers, are producing a better quality of all-wool Henrietta than the concern made on the other side and sold to the United States. Frederick Arnold, who is at the head of that concern, was forced to come over here, and make as good an article as was made in Germany, but now he is making a better article than he ever made in Germany and sold to this country."

"Isn't that an argument in favor of the tariff?"

"Perhaps it may be considered so. I don't see that it can be used very effectively as an argument against the tariff."

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The late Daniel Stewart had the whistling habit, and it was a matter of amusement and jest among his friends and employes. His was a low, soft, meditative whistle, and never offensive. When he had any business project on hand, it came to be noticed, he would sit at his desk an hour or more at a time, accompanying his thought with the air of some well-known tune. Sometimes this would be the notes of a solemn, long-measure hymn, at other times the devilish cantrip of a popular song. Years ago, before the Old Gibraltar Drug House had removed from Washington street, his meditative whistle would be attended with glass-cutting. He would retire to an upper room and cut glass day after day, the strident agony of the diamond being softened by his mellow whistle. The employes well knew that he was at work on some business problem, and when he finished his season of glass-cutting and whistling the problem would be solved. One 17th day of March, many years ago, a band went by playing "St. Patrick's Day," and the strains came into Mr. Stewart's office borne on the undulating waves of air. The next day the boys heard him whistling the tune, and he kept at it day after day for a week or more. He was working at a problem—whether there would or would not be a rise in the price of window-glass. His whistle brought him to the conclusion that there would be, and he purchased heavily, the result being that the investment was a profitable one.

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The street-car tie-up is a matter of the utmost indifference to Capt. John H. Oglesby, who, though nearly eighty years old, is as sound as a nut and prides himself on being a long-distance walker. He lives near Eighth street, on Alabama, yet every day, rain or shine, he walks to the post-office and back, a distance of four miles, merely as an appetizer. He is of the opinion that street cars are well enough for ladies and children, but that a manly man ought to walk. He is not unlike the old Scottish laird who, with a party, was caught out one winter night upon a snow-covered mountain side. Wrapping their plaids about them they lay down upon the ground to sleep. It was at that moment the old laird noticed that one of the younger men had rolled up a snow-ball and placed it under his head. "Out upon such effeminacy," exclaimed the old man indignantly. "Can ye not sleep wi'out a pillow?"

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There are a number of gentlemen who drive up and down North Delaware street who, during the days of the strike, have earned and received the gratitude of poor pedestrians. They are men who ride in their chaises and yet in the goodness of their hearts and in their warm, social nature cannot drive by a wayfaring man as long as they have a vacant seat in their carriage without offering him a lift on his journey. Among these philanthropists are J. B. Heywood, J. C. Adams, Maj. J. W. Richards, Dr. Kindleberger, D. B. and John E. Shideler, who have won golden opinions from all sorts of people by reason of their thoughtfulness.

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Colonel Ingersoll, while here a few weeks ago, expressed himself as a strong unbeliever in a second term.

"This country is nothing more nor less than a big cigar store, and it makes little difference which wooden Indian stands in front."

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

William Gillette's New Comedy to Be Presented at the Grand This Week.

Madame Modjeska to Be Here the Latter Part of the Week—De Wolf Hopper's Opera, "Wang," at English's—Stage Notes.

William Gillette's highly successful comedy, "All the Comforts of a Home," which is to be presented at the Grand Opera-house to-morrow night by Charles Frohman's company of comedians, is considered a funnier comedy than was Gillete's first big success, "The Private Secretary." Modern farce comedy depends largely upon bustle and rapid mouement, occasionally "break-downs" and a good deal of horse-play for success. As a rule, the character of the dialogue is little considered, in this play, it is said, and everything is sacrificed to the absurdity of the situation. None of Mr. Gillette's works are of the slam-bang sort. While every member of the cast is on wires and continually kept in motion, the dialogue is witty and sparkling, and the piece an appeal to the intellectual and risible faculties without any fictitious aid from the song-and-dance business. Every other emotion is lost in the effect of the deftly-wrought humor that pervades the four acts into which the comedy is divided. An absurdly jealous husband, Mr. Robert Pettibone, imagines that his young and second wife has made an appointment with her lover at his own home. The supposed lover is really the lover of his daughter by his first wife. Mrs. Pettibone, the victim of her husband's insane jealousy, is simply trying to bring the young people together. A letter of hers to the lover of her step-daughter falls into the hands of her husband, and its vague terms inflame him so that he starts his wife and daughter for a foreign tour. He places his house in the hands of his young nephew, Alfred Hastings, who, in the absence of the family, proceeds to raise the wind by renting it out in furnished rooms. His tenants are a nervous old gentleman, a prima donna from the opera, an opulent retired merchant, his termagant wife and pretty daughter, and a London "Jonnie" thrown in as a make-weight. The retired merchant makes love to the opera-singer, the temporary landlord makes love to the merchant's daughter. The nervous old man and the "Jonnie" furnish a good deal of fun and add to the complications that are bound to arise in such a menagerie. When the curtain falls everything is, of course, straightened out, but the delicate art of the author is shown in the ease with which the apparently inextricably tangled scheme is unravelled in short order. The comedy will be presented with all the special scenery and properties used in the original New York production. The following is the cast: Mr. S. Miller Kent, Mr. H. A. Morey, Mr. Frank Lamb, Mr. Herbert Ayling, Mr. Samuel Edwards, Mr. Arthur Hobson, Mr. J. B. Hollis, Mr. Jaques Martin, Mr. Charles F. Ricketts, D. J. Sherwood, Miss Maud Haslam, Miss Kate Denin-Wilson, Miss Pearl Means, Miss Goldie Andrews and Miss Trella Foltz. Nearly all these players are well known here from their previous appearances with Mr. Frohman's companies. Until recently there have been two companies playing "All the Comforts of Home," but these have now been consolidated into the organization that is to appear here, which includes the best members of each.

Modjeska's Engagement.

The Modjeska engagement, at the Grand Opera-house, the latter half of this week, promises to be a theatrical event of unusual importance. The engagement will open Thursday night with the presentation of Frederick Schiller's great historic tragedy, "Mary Stuart." The version of "Mary Stuart," as played by Modjeska, differs greatly from the versions played by either Ristori or Janausohek. It is an adaptation of the late Hon. Lewis Wingfield, and in his work he has followed the historical facts more closely than any other adapter. On Friday evening Modjeska will present her latest success, "The Countess Roudine," which was written expressly for her by Minnie Maddern Fiske and Paul Kester. The play is said to be exceedingly well written, the dialogue being bright and crisp and the situations are highly dramatic, affording Modjeska many opportunities to display her genius.

On Saturday afternoon "As You Like It" will be presented. The grace and beauty of Modjeska's portraiture of Shakspeare's loveliest romance is too well known to need comment. The engagement will conclude

Madame Modjeska.

Saturday night with "Macbeth." Modjeska's Lady Macbeth is a creation of thorough originality and artistic finish. Her conception of the part, which may be said to be purely feminine, differs much from that of others who have played it.

Modjeska is so careful an artist that, even in the minutest details, her performances are historically correct, not only as to costuming, but even in the properties used. Her latest acquisition in historical realism is a fac-simile copy of the death warrant used at the execution of the ill-fated Mary of Scotland, which is used by Modjeska in "Mary Stuart." The original warrant used at the execution was handed by Davidson to Col. Sir Francis Nolan, who, after reading it, is supposed either to have returned it to Queen Elizabeth or to have kept it. Be that as it may, from the time of its passing into Col. Nolan's hands, all trace of the original warrant has been lost. But Davidson, while the warrant was in his possession, took a fac-simile copy, which was, after his death, published in his autobiography by Phillipson. There is only one copy of that book extant, and that is in the British Museum. Modjeska, through Mr. Thalburg, who before leaving London obtained permission from the authorities to have access to this book, had, at great expense, an exact copy of the warrant made, to be used by her in the production of "Mary Stuart." There have been many copies of this death warrant made and sold as genuine, but all have had the mistake of showing the death warrant on several pages. The warrant used by Modjeska, however, is absolutely correct. It is on parchment, and the only perfectly correct copy of the real one now in existence.

De Wolf Hopper.

There is promise of much entertainment in the coming engagement of De Wolf Hopper and his opera company in the musical burletta "Wang," at English's the first part of next week. The piece has been a most remarkable success everywhere, for it is bright, altogether original and full of the liveliest kind of fun. In Mr. Hopper's company this season are such excellent artists as Della Fox, a dainty and graceful soubrette; Jeannette St. Henry, a popular soprano; Anna O'Keefe, a charmingly graceful young lady, and a popular favorite in this city; Marion Singer, an admirable singer of duenna roles; Alfred Klein, who is as small as Hopper is big; Samuel Reed, a comedian who is the very opposite of Hopper's method, but who is very clever, nevertheless; Edmund Stanley, the well-known tenor, and Camm Manvel, a nimble acrobat and dancer. One of the features of the performance is a trick elephant, a wonderfully close imitation of the real article. The scenery and costumes are very elaborate, and it is promised that the production in this city will be identical with that of the Broadway Theater.

Gossip of the Stage.

"Dam Lize" is the cheerful title of a play which is impending for next season. Charles Stanley is the author.

Lillian Jerome and Frank Davis, of the "Keep It Dark," company, are to be married the latter part of this month.

George "Summer Season" June will be manager of Gus Williams next season. He has recently joined the company.

The Miller Opera Company has a new prima donna in the person of Louise Montague, the once famous $10,000 beauty.

There is said to be no truth in the report that Manager W. C. Anderson, of the Two Old Cronies Company, had married Ada Deaves, of his company.

"Si Pumpkin, of Squashville" is the pleasing title of the latest specimen of the bucolic drama. In this Henry E. Lloyd and John F. Whitney will star next season.

S. Miller Kent, of "All the Comforts of Home" company, formerly lived in New Albany, Ind. He has been on the stage but a few years and has made very rapid progress.

The musical burletta "Wang," which is about the most entertaining thing of its kind ever written, with De Wolf Hopper, Della Fox, Marion Singer, Anna O'Keefe and the rest of the Hopper Opera Company, will be played at the Grand next week.

Now that "The Ensign" has proven a success, a half dozen nautical dramas are building, and will soon be launched. In all of them are scenes displaying the ships of the White Squadron, particularly the Baltimore. Jack Tar will become very popular in American before long.

New Yorkers will feel quite at home in London during the summer if they look at the bill boards. Charles Frohman will send over his stock company. A. M. Palmer is planning to take "Alabama." Dr. Augustin Daly, of course, will be there with his company, and Daniel Frohman will probably cross over with his Lyceum company.

Among the plays soon to be produced are a fresh rural play by Charles Barnard, called "Cynthia's Lovers;" Paul Potter's "Dr. Cupid;" "Rain Producers," by G. P. Bingham, and a dialect play called "Dutch Courage," by Robert Griffen Morris. Sidney Rosenfeld has also finished a comic opera called "The Rain-makers of Syria," which he says has been accepted by Rudolph Aronson.

The crop of stars in the theatrical firmament next year bids fair to rival, numerically, those that twinkle in the heavenly canopy. Many of these aspirants cannot be called actors of the first order, yet none has the remotest idea that he can fail to scintillate profitably. It has been said that "every time a star falls, a genius is born." The crop of new-born geniuses next year will be heavy.

Matrimonial Kendalistic tendencies seem to be asserting themselves among the erstwhile too independent actors and their better halves. It used to be a "smart" thing to conceal theatrical marriages, but now Mr. and Mrs. Jones Brown Robinson fondly announce their allegiance, and on their wall-paper a pair of love-sick faces are sometimes seen resting affectionately on each other's shoulders. It's the fashion.

The astonishing announcement is made that it has required the labor of forty men for an entire year to complete the monument to the memory of Emma Abbott. The price of the monument is given at $60,000, and it is stated that it is the most expensive affair of the kind ever erected by a private citizen in America. Though poor Emma Abbott has ceased her connection with the terrestrial musical profession, it is evident that her advance agent is still at work.

New York World: The career of Louise Pomeroy, who is now playing minor parts in a traveling theatrical company, is a striking instance of the mutations of fortune. Twenty years ago she was the bride of "Brick" Pomeroy, and had received from him as a wedding gift an opera-house valued at $75,000. Pomeroy at that time was reputed to be worth $500,000, and his Democrat was a gold mine. The editor's fortune was subsequently lost in unproductive mines and in the famous Rocky mountain tunnel, and luck has ever since been against him. Mrs. Pomeroy is now the wife of the actor Arthur Elliott.

Modjeska wears about her neck during the production of "Mary Stuart" a most curious chain with a small lamp hanging from it. The chain is of gold and is known as the "Agnus Dei." Of these chains there are only known to be two in existence, the original, which was once the property of Mary, Queen of Scotland, and now among the English crown jewels, and the exact copy which is worn by Modjeska. It was during her recent visit to London that Modjeska was fortunate enough to obtain it. The Prince of Wales is a very warm admirer of her genius, and it was through his influence that the necessary permission was obtained to have the copy made.

Charles Frohman has come into the van of American theatrical managers with marked rapidity. At the present time, though the youngest of the managers, he controls more prominent successes than any manager in the country. Besides the "Comforts" company, he guides the helm at Proctor's Theater and Herrmann's Theater, New York. At the former Sardou's "Thermidor" and "The Lost Paradise" have been two of the great hits of the season; at Herrmann's, Henry E. Dixey has passed his one hundredth performance of "The Solicitor." He successfully pilots the tours of two "Shenandoah" companies, two "Men and Women" companies, two companies presenting the highly successful comedy "Jane," which held the stage at the Madison-square Theater for 150 nights, and also "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" and the latest Parisian success, "Miss Helyett." For the next season Mr. Frohman announces a new society drama by Henry C. DeMille and a comedy from the pen of William Gillette.

Oscar Wilde and His Play.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—Oscar Wilde, with his cynical society play, "Lady Windemere's Fan," which was produced Saturday last at the St. James Theater, has made himself the talk of the busiest theatrical week for many months. The critics almost unanimously condemn the play. They say the plot lacks novelty and that the principal scheme is palpably cribbed from "The School for Scandal."

The lines, however, are very clever, and the people in society will rush to see the play, as they did on the first night, when the most brilliant audience that has gathered for years in the St. James Theater assembled to witness the work. At the end of the play on the first night a small section of the audience called for Oscar Wilde. He stalked before the curtain smoking a cigarette. And the whiffs he blew! The press generally pronounces it a most insolent and conceited speech. He complacently decanted upon the merits of his play, and said he was glad that the audience was able to appreciate it. The actors and actresses were patronizingly approved for the help they had given. Mr. Wilde was adorned with a newly-invented electric green boutenniere, as were his followers in the stalls. This new adornment is apparently to replace the sunflower, the emblem so long a time of Mr. Wilde and his resthetic craze.

At the Avenue Theater, London, Longdon Mitchell's American play, "Deborah," in which Marion Lea, (Mr. Mitchell's wife,) impersonated a quadroon slave, attracted a capital audience, among whom were seen Miss Ellen Terry, Lady Colin Campbell, Mr. Henry James, the American novelist; Mr. Chas. Windham, Mr. John Hare, manager of the Garrick Theater; Oscar Wilde, Fanny Brough and a number of other members of the dramatic profession. The play proved to be a failure. Marion Lea was overweighted with an unsuitable role.

A City of Homes.

Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine

I cannot force Minneapolis to challenge the world to produce her equal, but it seems to me that it will be difficult to find another influential trading and manufacturing city that is so peculiarly a city of homes. It was after riding over mile after mile of her streets and boulevards, and noting the thousands of separated cottages, each in its little garden, that I came to a locality wherein there were a few—a very few—apartment-houses. They were not what we in New York call "tenement-houses," for the poor seemed superior to the evil, and lived in their own tiny boxes; they were flat-houses for families few in members and indolent in nature. These were so very few that the array of dwellings took on an extraordinary importance. Try, then, to fancy the pleasure and surprise with which I read in the city directory, afterward, a statement that the city's 164,738 inhabitants occupy 32,026 dwellings. If there were 321 more dwellings there would be one to every five persons, which is to say one to each family.